The Sketch

No. 2529—Vol. CXCV. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

ATLANTIC CROSSING.

*Under the big guns of H.M.S. "Prince of Wales," the* PRIME MINISTER *took a constitutional as the battleship made her safe course across the Atlantic for his astonishing, historic sea rendezvous with the President of the United States. "F.D.R.'s" invitation was handed to the Premier by Mr. Harry Hopkins, over here on his way to Moscow. The "Eight Points" declaration issued later underlines the closest collaboration between Britain and America.*

# MOTLEY NOTES.

## By ALAN KEMP.

**Our Betters.** Miss Dorothy Thompson, a staunch friend of this country, has recently told us that the average American has strong sympathy with England, but not so much with England's "ruling class." This is not necessarily Miss Thompson's own opinion; she reports it as a view held by a great number of her countrymen. Anybody who knows America will bear her out. There are, among the *polloi* of the United States, two or three fixed ideas about this country which apparently cannot be dislodged by anything short of dynamite. One is that Britain, throughout her history, has gone about the world snatching and grabbing, and in this way has acquired an enormous and wealthy empire, which she now owns in fee simple, battening and fattening on the ill-gotten profits. Another is that England, instead of being the democracy which she pretends to be, is run by a "ruling class" of dukes and earls and other feudal personages, who saunter about in coronets and knee breeches, wielding irresistible political power through their enormous wealth. The rest of English society consists of a number of classes in a descending scale, each bowing down to the other, until, when you get down to the bottom, you have practically reached a state of helotage.

*"War is full of surprises, Mrs. Clark. I never dreamt that my daughter's boy would be paying income tax at sixteen!"*

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

**Olde Worlde.** Do I exaggerate? Not much, I think. I do not suggest that every intelligent American sees the thing quite so crudely as that, but I am quite sure, from personal knowledge, that the "ruling class" superstition is deeply implanted even in thoughtful American consciousness, and that it does us great harm in circumstances like the present. I wonder where this legendary ruling class is to be found in England to-day. The natural place to look for a ruling class would be among the rulers; and among rulers, presumably Prime Ministers are fair specimens. In the last thirty years there have been seven Prime Ministers of Great Britain. Is it historic fact that Asquith, Lloyd George, MacDonald, Bonar Law, Baldwin and Chamberlain all sprang from a feudal oligarchy? What is true of them is equally true of Cabinet Ministers; go through their names for the past generation and you will find all sorts and conditions of men, representative of every section of the community. So also in the House of Commons. Ah, but what about the House of Lords, that quaint blend (to the American eye) of mediævalism and Gilbert and Sullivan? Well, whatever else there may be about the House of Lords, there are certainly very few, if any, governmental powers. If this is the stronghold of the ruling class, then the ruling class does not rule. As controllers of our destinies, the Peerage to-day is the Disappearage.

**Soaking the Rich.** Is the ruling class, then, to be found among the Idle Rich, in this land of great inequalities of wealth (though on that point no sensible American would claim to "have anything on us")? If the Idle Rich, or, for that matter, the Busy Rich, rule this sceptred isle, it is odd that they have so quixotically committed *hara-kiri*, as they have certainly done in the most spectacular manner. Either through sheer philanthropy, or possibly because they just can't help it, they allow the poor (whose faces, with this important exception, they grind) to take 50, 70 and even 90 per cent. of their wealth away from them—aye, and the insatiable Gimme pursues them even to their graves! Assuredly, the "ruling" British millionaire's Magnificat is "the rich He hath sent empty away." And for what is all this heavy tribute used? Much, but by no means most, for the extraordinary purposes of war. The heaviest bill, in war or in peace—a bill which has mounted every year without pause and apparently without limit—is for "social services." This seems to me an odd method of oppressing the masses.

**Back to the Middle Ages.** I grow restive under this persistent illusion that, because one Englishman sometimes addresses another as "sir" or even touches his hat to him (trifles which irritate many Americans quite fantastically), this is an "undemocratic" country, where a man's not a man for a' that. There is nothing of which Americans are more proud than their educational system; and it is certainly a very remarkable system, though sometimes carried to superstitious lengths. I wonder how many Americans realise that, educationally, England is without exception the most liberally endowed country in the world; that (apart altogether from free education for all) thousands of promising boys and girls are receiving advanced education, at vast cost to the taxpayer; and that even at Oxford and Cambridge, those notorious "playgrounds of the Idle Rich," more than half the students are receiving assistance from State, County Council, College or School? How many of the American Rugged Individualists, who regard Mr. Roosevelt as a dangerous revolutionary, have heard of our old-age pensions and unemployment and sickness insurance, of our unique voluntary hospital system, of free school meals and milk and dentistry for children, of our co-operative enterprises, and of the enormous total savings, in banks and building societies and friendly societies, of those who are ironically called "the poor"? However, there may be a "ruling class" concealed somewhere in the country. If so, I've missed it, and I should be glad if Mr. Babbitt would point it out to me.

*"Last year I decided to give it up, and concentrate on growing vegetables!"*

DRAWN BY TERNENT.

**"How Mad and Bad and Sad It Was!"** The real ruling class, if there is one, is to be found not in ducal palaces, not in the marble halls of banks and exchanges, not even at Westminster and St. Stephen's, but in Whitehall—and when I say Whitehall, I do not mean merely a certain distinguished quarter of London, but an area which now spreads far and wide over England. I watch with ever-growing wonder the achievements of these bosses of ours, and at the moment my awe is concentrated on what they have been doing to my breakfast egg. In the last fortnight about six eggs have been obtained, by strenuous exertion and grim determination, for my household. Not one of them has been fit for anything except an acrimonious political meeting. I have made careful inquiries among my friends, and I find that they too have not seen a good egg for many a long day past. The universal badness of our local eggs is really remarkable, if you admire the quality of consistency. You would think that a good one would now and then stray into the case—but no! there may be good eggs on earth, there may be good eggs somewhere in this kingdom, but

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"MY DEAR, I'M SIMPLY DYING FOR A CIGARETTE, BUT I REALLY COULDN'T STOOP TO THAT!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

# MOUSACA.

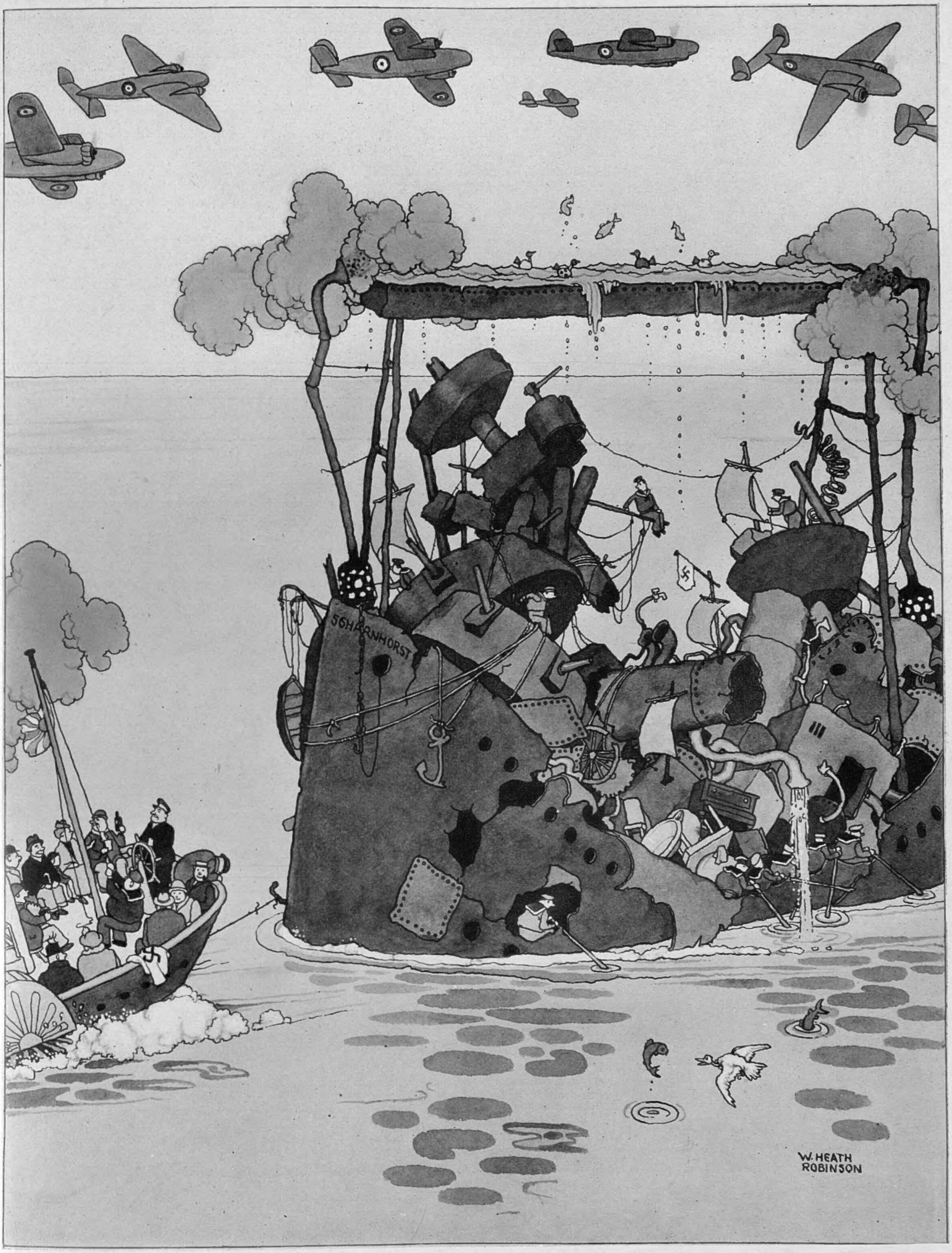
*Boil one large cauliflower in salted water until tender. Meanwhile, put through the mincer whatever meat you have left over from the Sunday joint ; add one fried onion (or half a teaspoonful of onion powder), season, and mix in an egg.*

*Grease well a soufflé dish (incidentally, oil is far better than any fat for the purpose), and powder the bottom and sides with the breadcrumbs. Arrange the cauliflower and mincemeat in layers, beginning and ending with the vegetable, sprinkle with more breadcrumbs and a dessertspoonful of melted margarine, and leave in a moderate oven for half an hour. Turn out and serve.*

*NOTE.—This dish can be made equally well with spaghetti in place of the cauliflower.*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.

FROM THE CHEF'S SCRAP BOOK: MOUSACA.



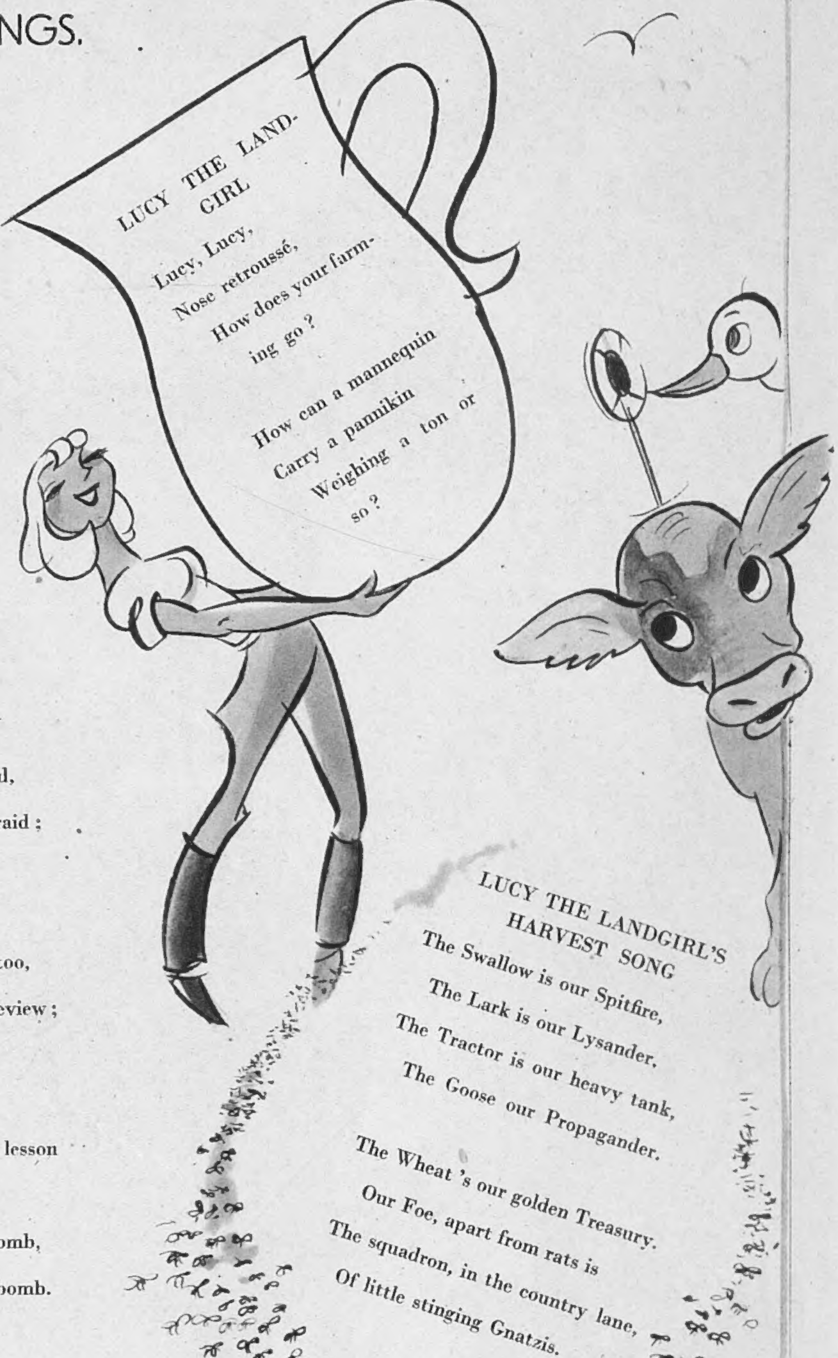

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE "SCHARNHORST" FROM BREST TO LA PALLICE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

# THESE FOOLISH THINGS.

### CLERIWHO'S WHO

Mr. De Valera
Might make himself clearer :
Is it hard to be terse
In Erse ?



### LUCY THE LAND-GIRL

Lucy, Lucy,
Nose retroussé,
How does your farm-
ing go ?

How can a mannequin
Carry a pannikin
Weighing a ton or
so ?

### A MODERN HERO

He is not splendidly arrayed,
He wears no epaulettes or braid ;
His only weapon is a spade.

He knows no Aldershot Tattoo,
No goose-step, or be-flagged review ;
He only has his job to do.

But Guards could learn a lesson
  from
His coolness and superb aplomb,
In face of débris, death and bomb.

### LUCY THE LANDGIRL'S HARVEST SONG

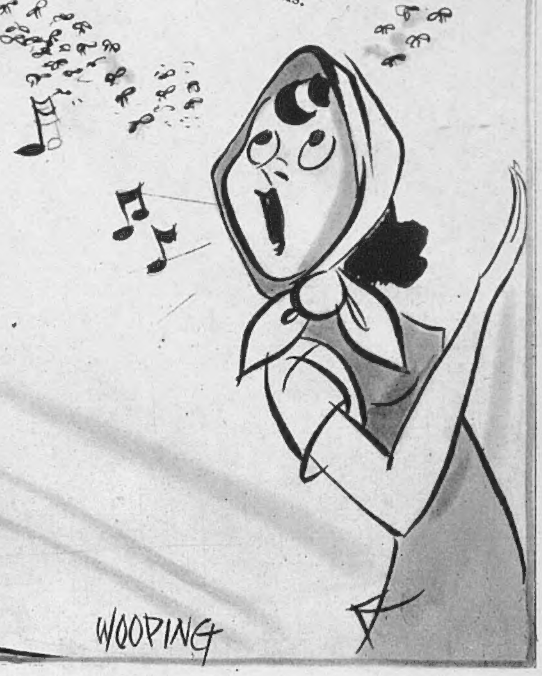
The Swallow is our Spitfire,
The Lark is our Lysander,
The Tractor is our heavy tank,
The Goose our Propagander.

The Wheat 's our golden Treasury.
Our Foe, apart from rats is
The squadron, in the country lane,
Of little stinging Gnatzis.

### HIRED WAAF

How doth the busy little Waaf
Improve the shining hour ?
By chauffeuring from Staff to Staff
The Men of Brains and Power.

Streamlined, the model sportsmen
  love,
She 's fast and she 'll go far.
(Oh dear me, no, I 'm speaking of
The Waaf and not the car !)



VERSES BY MICHAEL BARSLEY ; ILLUSTRATIONS BY WOOPING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

HOME SECURITY — WINSTON II.

*On our front page we give a photograph of Mr. Winston Churchill making his historic Atlantic crossing to meet President Roosevelt. Here's a study of his grandson,* WINSTON CHURCHILL, JUNIOR, *enjoying home security in the care of his mother, the* HON. MRS. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. *Mrs. Churchill was the Hon. Pamela Digby, and married the Premier's only son in 1939. Baby Winston was born in 1940. Mr. Randolph Churchill has been Conservative Member for Preston since September 1940, and has of late been serving as a subaltern in the Middle East. It was recently announced that he is to take up a post on the staff of Mr. Lyttelton, Minister of State. It is understood that he will act as liaison officer with the Minister's mission in Cairo.*

# CINEMA CAMEOS.

## By C. A. LEJEUNE.

If ever there was a film that carried substantial insurance at the box-office, it is "ZIEGFELD GIRL" (Empire, Friday). "Ziegfeld Girl," if it adds very little to the *esoterica* of film-making, simply can't go wrong with the customers. Costing round about a quarter of a million pounds (we can make it sound even more impressive in dollars), it is showy, shrewd and shining. It introduces half-a-dozen front-line glamour girls, who have nothing to do but look good, a job that is well within their powers, and a group of stars who have something for everyone. If you won't go to the pictures to see Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Judy Garland, *or* James Stewart, you are hard to satisfy.

The story which brings these excellent people together is simple indeed: just a tale of the public's need for a new charm, and the late Flo Ziegfeld's flair for satisfying it. Mr. Z. himself never appears in the film. The nearest we get to his omnipotent presence is the remark of an underling at rehearsal. "Get Ziegfeld, will you, quick! I've found something worth listening to at last." The something, it might be observed, is Miss Judy Garland.

"*Reaching for the Sun*" *(Plaza) is the tale of Russ Elliott* (JOEL McCREA), *of the Michigan woods, whose desire for an outboard motor led him from his lakeside home to the great Detroit armament works. Rita* (ELLEN DREW) *is the girl he marries, whose strange jealousy of his beloved outboard engine makes her leave him for a former job in a dance hall.*

It is Mr. Ziegfeld's busy agents, not Mr. Z., who scurry about from point to point, zealously searching the neighbourhood theatres, the department stores, the music establishments, for what used to be known as "S.A.", and is now, I believe, termed "oskaloosa." Their efforts are rewarded by the discovery, which might have been more economically effected on the M.G.M. lot, of the Misses Lamarr, Turner and Garland respectively. Mr. Stewart, so far as the talent-hunt is concerned, is just a bonus. A truck-driver, without marked "oskaloosa," he doesn't appear on the Follies stage at all. His ambitions, to start with at least, are confined to graduating from a 2½-ton truck to a 5-ton truck, and he just happens to be in love with Miss Turner.

The three heroines, chosen out of hundreds for glorification as Ziegfeld Girls, are as different in their backgrounds as they are in their charms. Sandra Kolter (Miss Lamarr) is married to a classical violinist, who sets no store by the Follies, is blind to the benefits of the meal-ticket they offer, and would rather play at Carnegie Hall than eat. Susan Gallagher (Miss Garland) is a trouper of the old school. She was raised, you feel, in a theatrical hamper, and is discovered by the Ziegfeld scouts partnering her father (Charles Winninger) in a down-town music-hall. Sheila Regan (Miss Turner) is an elevator girl in a big department store. She lives a modest family life in Flatbush, with a chubby schoolgirl sister, parents who believe in home cooking and plain thinking, and that nice young truck-driver round the corner. But she happens to be a redhead and to have a luxury complex. Her trouble, as she admits later, is that she is really two people, and one of them isn't any good at all.

*Russ reaches a degree of affluence, via the factory, and becomes the infatuated owner of an outboard motor. His hatred for a bully at the works ends in a spectacular scene where he and his enemy, manœuvring respectively a 50-ton manipulator and a 40-ton crane fight a terrific battle at the risk of their lives.*

From the very start, before the hectic first night at the Follies, it is obvious that the three girls will go their separate ways to glory or damnation. You can even sense it from the way they walk downstairs, those fabulous Ziegfeld stairs, at rehearsal, book balanced on head to give them poise, smile on lips, hips free and swinging. Sandra, with music in her soul, has perfect deportment, but her smile is secret, cynical. Susie drops the book in her excitement, but her ardent attempts to atone impress even the glamour-glutted Ziegfeld employees. Sheila looks sideways under provocative lids, and moves with the warm grace of a panther. From the very beginning you realise, if there's any trouble in the Follies, it's bound to be headed her way.

You're right; it is. Little by little, "Ziegfeld Girl" emerges as Sheila's story. Sandra makes her hit, finds show-life hollow, and retires to impecunious happiness with her sad, romantic husband. Susan, a grand girl and a hard worker, goes on and up. Quickly she learns that a modern show-girl doesn't slug an audience with a song, but "kinda creeps up on them from behind." Talented, cheerful and biddable, she does what she is told and earns the top spot and the biggest billing in next season's Follies. But Sheila, with that awkward dual personality of hers, doesn't do so well.

In no time at all she acquires an elderly admirer (Ian Hunter), six fur coats, seven diamond bracelets, and an apartment on Park Avenue. So far, so good; but wait. She gives up ordering a stack o' wheats, and settles down to a diet of brandy and *crêpes suzette.* She alienates her loyal truck-driver, and sends him into the bootlegging trade. With all that strain on her heart, she naturally collapses. "What's happened to you," says the truck-driver darkly, "always happens to people who try to be in two places at once. They always end up not being any place." In a bold *reprise* on life, Sheila convalesces in Flatbush, plans to marry her young man, go into the country and raise ducks. But it's too late for ducks now. The Great Price has to be paid. At the première of the new Follies show, Susan Gallagher starring, Sheila leaves her box, walks down the staircase, chin up, smile on lips, like a good Ziegfeld Girl, falls to the bottom and dies, or so we presume.

"Ziegfeld Girl" marks, I suppose, Miss Turner's début as a dramatic actress. She is wistful and appealing, but not quite yet, I feel, a Bernhardt or a Duse. Miss Lamarr has little to do but look exquisite and withdrawn. Miss Garland, working hard, with most of the show stuff to put over, is the girl for my money. Except for "The Wizard of Oz," I have never liked her better. But my favourite bit in the film is the "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean" number, with Charles Winninger and the real, the original, Al Shean.

"THE STRAWBERRY BLONDE" (Warner's) always was a nice little film, even when it appeared, years ago, under its less provocative but more intelligible title of "One Sunday Afternoon." Although James Cagney is in it, it isn't a gangster piece. Mr. Cagney is a dentist. True, at one time he is innocently framed, but the nearest he gets to crime, deliberate crime, is when he contemplates giving an over-dose of gas to an old-time rival. This possibility, never a very serious one, gives the film a mild suspense, but mostly it is a romantic period comedy, set in the 'nineties, and played out with discreet hilarity and a good deal of nostalgic quaintness.

One Sunday afternoon—I still like that title—the dentist's 'phone rings to make an appointment for Hugo Barnstead (Jack Carson), a big shot with a little shot's complaint, toothache. Outside in the street a German band is playing, and the brassy tune plunges the dentist into a mood of reminiscence. This being a picture, the result is a flashback.

We follow the career of the young student dentist; learn how he lost the town's strawberry blonde (Rita Hayworth) to Barnstead; how he married

the blonde's sensible friend, Amy (Olivia de Havilland), on the rebound, and how Barnstead framed him for his own sharp practice as a contractor. There is plenty of reason, we appreciate, for the dentist to bump Barnstead off with gas, but when the great appointment comes, one look at the patient tells us that he 'll never do it. The years, and the strawberry blonde, have taken their toll. Mr. and Mrs. B. arrive together. Mr. B., his bombastic days over, is jaded and henpecked, Mrs. B., the strawberry blonde, is just plain shrew. In a glorious burst of revelation, the dentist realises that he, after all, has had the best of the bargain. He yanks out the offending tooth without gas, and that is the extent of his Nemesis. . . . Not a great picture, but a neat one.

They tell me "REACHING FOR THE SUN" (Plaza) is based on a tough first novel about labour disputes and automobile workers in America, called "F.O.B. Detroit." If that is so, somebody must have changed something somewhere along the assembly line. For "Reaching for the Sun" is more concerned with marriage problems and maternity than with mechanics, and although sometimes melodramatic, is anything but tough. Russ Elliott (Joel McCrea), a simple clam-digger, misguidedly goes to work in the big city, although his heart is in the woods and the wide, open spaces. He marries a canteen waitress (Ellen Drew), lands a job in an automobile factory, becomes a father, and loses both wife and child, mainly through his persistent devotion to an outboard motor. After an accident in the factory, engineered by a villainous crane operator (Albert Dekker), in which our hero loses a leg, sunshine comes back into his life again. He is reconciled to his wife, and heads straight for his Mecca, the Great Outdoors. The film ends with Mr. and Mrs. Russ Elliott in God's free air, leading the simple life, the baby and the outboard motor purring in harmony.

"THE GOLDEN HOUR" (Gaumont) is probably more interesting historically than histrionically. In the first place, it celebrates that curious American phenomenon, the radio programme in which one thousand dollars goes to the lucky telephone subscriber who answers the bell when band-leader Horace Heidt calls at random from the studio. In the second place, it marks the début in film production of tall, enterprising James Roosevelt, eldest son of the President.

A good many people in London met and were charmed by young Mr. Roosevelt when he came over to England to exploit "Wuthering Heights" in those far-off days just before the war. "Jimmy" was a mere apprentice then, learning the ropes as Sam Goldwyn's personal representative. Courteous, discreet, diplomatic, and just a little harassed because the reporters found him more interesting as his father's son than as his employer's employee, he confessed frankly that he knew nothing about the film industry, but was busy studying.

Back again in Hollywood, he celebrated his film graduation by forming his own company. It was known as Globe Productions, Inc., with the right to distribute films through United Artists, Charlie Chaplin's company. His first activity was to release the British film "Pastor Hall" in America. Mrs. Roosevelt, you may remember, thought well of "Pastor Hall," and said so. His second job was a production of his own, "The Golden Hour," known in America as "Pot o' Gold." For this he engaged the services of James Stewart and Paulette Goddard (Mrs. Charlie Chaplin). When asked what sort of pictures he proposed to make, he replied, "Pictures to entertain. My motto is, 'Let the People Laugh.'"

*Jimmy Haskell, an amateur harmonica virtuoso, lures Uncle Charlie out of town on a false scent, and puts the famous Horace Heidt radio band on in an attempt to "hot up" his uncle's anæmic "Happiness Hour" broadcast. Whereupon Molly, discovering he is a Haskell, takes her revenge. The film is full of catchy tunes played by Horace Heidt's band, well known to American radio listeners.*

"The Golden Hour" is just that, little more. The three-ply plot is about a harmonica expert (simply known, in the modern style, as Jimmy, since he is played by James Stewart) who finds his brand of music doesn't pay, and gets a job with his uncle Charlie (Winninger, you 've guessed it, *Charles* Winninger), millionaire food king and radio sponsor. Uncle Charlie, it happens, is currently being annoyed by the McCorkles, a music-mad Irish family with daughter (Paulette Goddard, boldly named not Paulette, but Molly), who insistently rehearses a dance band on the roof of their boarding-house. Jimmy likes the McCorkles and, in particular, Miss Molly McCorkle. But, as their *preux chevalier*, he finds the going tough. There is the incident of a far-flung tomayto to explain away. There is Molly's astounding announcement that Uncle Charlie is giving away a thousand dollars on the radio hour. Jimmy fixes things, of course, in his inimitable, laconic way. But not before the film has indulged in a good deal of slapstick and six tuneful but scarcely epoch-making musical numbers.

*"The Golden Hour" (Gaumont, Haymarket), produced by James Roosevelt, the American President's son, is his first independent picture. It features* JAMES STEWART *and* PAULETTE GODDARD *as Jimmy Haskell and Molly McCorkle. Jimmy defies Uncle Charlie, captain of industry, and goes to live opposite his uncle's factory, in a boarding house which is run by Molly's mother, and houses a band whose practising irritates Uncle Charlie to such an extent that he institutes legal proceedings against them.*

"FORTY THOUSAND HORSEMEN" (Leicester Square) is certainly a historic event. I don't ever recall an Australian film taking top billing before in any theatre in the West End, although quite a lot of the second features we have seen in the release theatres from time to time have come from down under. "Forty Thousand Horsemen" is one of the most ambitious films, if not the most ambitious, that the Australians have made yet. A drama of the last war, it undoubtedly owes its wide appeal to the events of this one. It celebrates the dash and devilry and amazing schoolboy spirits that made the Libyan campaign a kind of fabulous saga to English youngsters of this generation. Its theme-song, as it should be, is "Waltzing Matilda." And I 'll admit that I, for one, can never hear that tune now without something exciting and primitive getting into my blood.

The Leicester Square film is scarcely a Thespian classic. There is more of Ouida in it than of Shakespeare. The plot is fancy, distinctly fancy. Three lusty Anzacs, Red, Larry and Jim (Grant Taylor, Pat Twohill and Chips Rafferty), meet what it is customary to call a "desert waif" in the Sinai campaign against the Turks and Germans. This desert blossom, Julie (Betty Bryant), is a French girl whose father has been hanged by the Germans, and who has sworn to avenge his death by betraying the German plans of campaign to the Anzacs. In order to do this more effectively she poses as a boy, just enough to fool the Germans, but never, under any circumstances, enough to disappoint *you*. A captivating little person, if not quite Gallic, she is no end of help to the appreciative Anzacs, and particularly to Red, who finds time among the stress of war to woo her. At last, after a series of plot-twists sacred to thick-ear melodrama, Larry and Jim are killed, but Red is able to save the most of his detachment by magnificent personal bravery.

The climax of the film is, of course, the terrific cavalry charge of the forty thousand horsemen, whose historic exploits give the piece its title. These battle scenes—and they are not gentle—have been made with the co-operation of the Australian Department of Defence and the 1st and 2nd Australian Cavalry Divisions. I am told that there are actually three thousand horsemen involved, not forty thousand. I didn't count them, but they *felt* like forty thousand, anyway.

# THE PRINCESSES IN THEIR OWN KITCHEN GARDEN.

T.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH and PRINCESS MARGARET, the daughters of the King and Queen, are keen gardeners, but since the outbreak of war have devoted their energies to cultivating vegetables rather than flowers, in accordance with the "Grow More Food" slogan which has made us all kitchen-garden enthusiasts. Princess Elizabeth's lettuces were grown, interspersed with strawberry plants, under a net, to ensure protection from birds; the carrot crop promises well, and Princess Margaret, who celebrated her eleventh birthday last Thursday, August 21, has a grand bed of onions to her credit.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH *grew lettuces interspersed with strawberry plants under a net this summer.*

*Nearly ready for the table?* PRINCESS ELIZABETH *and* PRINCESS MARGARET *inspect a carrot from their garden.*

*The pet chameleon which belongs to the Princesses takes the air in their garden, and is here walking along a branch under the watchful eyes of its owners. The animal's natural gift for quick-change camouflage makes it easy to lose.*

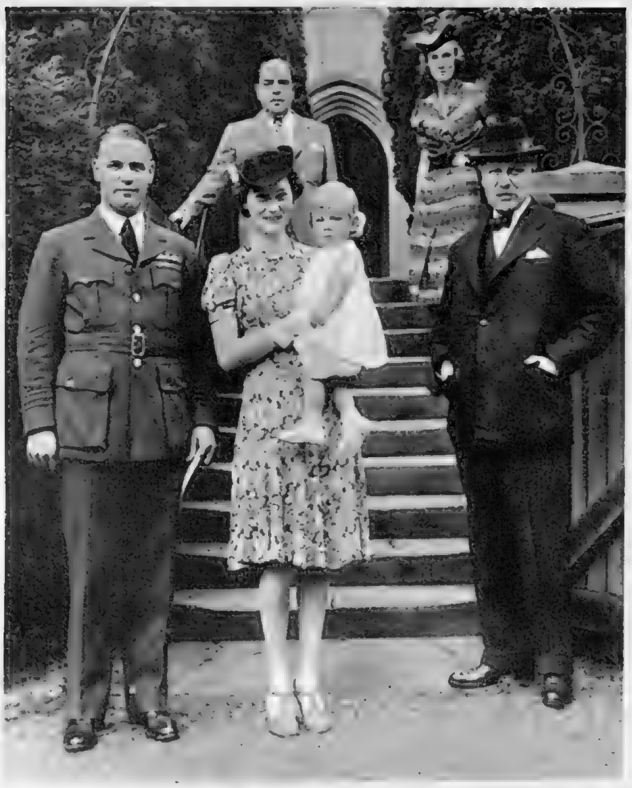
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDIO LISA.

## THE FUTURE LADY PETRE.

*The engagement of* CAPTAIN LORD PETRE, *the Essex Regiment, to* MISS MARGUERITE (PEGGY) HAMILTON, *daughter of the late Mr. Ion Hamilton and of Mrs. Hamilton, Westwood, Nettlebed, Oxon, has been announced. Miss Hamilton, who comes of a well-known Oxfordshire family, has appeared on the stage and in the Dorchester cabaret, and is now training as a V.A.D. Lord Petre, seventeenth Baron, was born in 1914 and succeeded his father in 1915. The barony dates from 1603, and the first holder was M.P. for Essex 1584-7.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARLIP AND LENARE.

# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK — INCLUDING AND YOUNG



MAJOR JOHN CHURCHILL *(right)* stood proxy for his brother, the Premier, as godfather to WINSTON JONATHAN MALAN, son of fighter-pilot ace WING COMMANDER A. G. MALAN, D.S.O. [and bar], and MRS. MALAN.

Harrow has its aeroplane club. The boys who belong to it spend a lot of time studying the theoretical and practical side of flying. They are having a lecture on the construction of a 'plane.

*Right:* DEPUTY-DIRECTOR MISS GOODENOUGH, W.R.N.S., CHIEF CONTROLLER MRS. KNOX, A.T.S., MR. ASSHETON, M.P., *and M.T.C. despatch-rider Mrs. Bethell at the Women's recruiting week.*

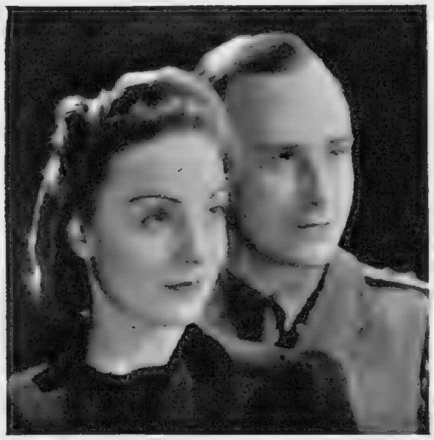
*Music-lovers will remember how they strolled through these gardens between the acts of Mozart operas. The lovely place is now an L.C.C. rest-home for "blitzed" children. The American and Canadian Red Cross Society have helped to clothe these youngsters, and the W.V.S. bring them down from London.*

LORD BEAVERBROOK, *Minister of Supply, is seen beside* MR. HARRIMAN *at one of the mid-ocean conferences between President Roosevelt and Mr. Winston Churchill. Lord Beaverbrook went on to Washington.*

# STATESMEN, BRIDES-ELECT, WOMEN IN UNIFORM HOPEFULS.

Here are nine "EAGLETS" who have just arrived in London to join the second American Eagle Squadron. The recruits, who have each had at least one hundred flying hours, were trained in California.

GENERAL SIR JOHN DILL, *Chief of the Imperial General Staff, is seen with his "opposite number,"* GENERAL MARSHALL, *Chief of the United States Army General Staff, during one of the meetings between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill at sea.*



MISS AGNES PARSONS, *daughter of Canon Parsons, is to marry* CAPTAIN COSMO REX IVOR RUSSELL, *eldest son of the Hon. Sir Odo and Lady Russell, on September 6.*

MISS JEAN HERMIONE JOHNSTONE, A.R.C.M., *is engaged to Dr. W. L. Webber, D.Mus., F.R.C.O., A.R.C.M., organist and choirmaster at All Saints', Margaret Street.*

MRS. ATTLEE, *wife of the Lord Privy Seal and Deputy Prime Minister, is a fire-watcher. Here she is with full equipment, standing in the doorway, beside the stirrup-pump which she knows how to use. She was Miss Violet Helen Millar, was married in 1922 and has one son and three daughters.*

THE KING *saw the film of the Prime Minister's meeting with President Roosevelt at a special Ministry of Information showing.* AIR MARSHAL SIR CHARLES PORTAL, MR. BRENDAN BRACKEN, *Minister of Information,* HIS MAJESTY, *and* SIR WALTER MONCKTON, *Director-General M.o.I., are left to right.*

# "ZIEGFELD GIRL"—A THREE-STA
## HEDY LAMARR A

HEDY LAMARR *as Sandra Kolter, wife of a penniless musician. She becomes a glorified Ziegfeld Girl.*

*The famous Ziegfeld Folly Girls in their glitterin*

*Left: Sheila Regan* (LANA TURNER) *in her lift-girl days, with her boy-friend the lorry driver, Gil Young* (JAMES STEWART).

"ZIEGFELD GIRL," the new M.G.M. picture, is due at the Empire on Friday next, August 29. It's a spectacular, big-scale production, with music, lovely girls, effective stage-scenes, and a plot which presents the life-stories of three glorified Ziegfeld Girls. They are Susan Gallagher, a young vaudeville performer; Sheila Regan, a store lift operator, and Sandra Kolter, wife of a penniless musician. Sandra gains success, but returns to her husband, whom

[*Continued opposite.*

JUDY GARLAND *and* LANA TURNER *as Susan Gallagher and Sheila Regan practising stage deportment.*

# STORY, WITH JUDY GARLAND, D LANA TURNER.

*d decorative costumes as presented on the screen.*

LANA TURNER *as Sheila Regan, in her "Shooting Star" costume for the "You Stepped Out of a Dream" sequences.*

*Susan* (JUDY GARLAND), *young vaudeville performer, with Jerry Regan* (JACKIE COOPER).

*Continued.*]
she loves; Susan rises to singing stardom, and is able to get her beloved father, Pop Gallagher, and his partner, Al Shean, a big-show chance, in which they prove a smash hit; but Sheila meets with disaster. She loses her lorry-driver boy-friend, takes to drink, and goes from bad to worse—but, in spite of the different destinies of the trio of stars, it 's the show that counts and that goes on. Next year the cycle will recommence and new glorified Ziegfeld Girls step forward.

*Right:* LANA TURNER *in her foam bath sequence as Sheila, the former lift-girl, who has a natural taste for luxury.*

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

CAPTAIN J. LEACH, M.V.O., R.N., is in command of H.M.S. "Prince of Wales," in which the Premier sailed to his historic meeting with the President of the United States at sea.

CAPTAIN LEACH—*for his safe convoy of a Premier to a President.*

THESE RECRUITS OF THE A.T.S.—*for casting off the trappings of Mars to disport in the river.*

THE RECRUITS OF THE A.T.S. in our photograph are under training in the Northern Command. Enjoying a break from routine, they threw down their uniforms, tin hats and equipment, and held a bathing parade in the swim-suits of peace.

THESE WOMEN OF CROYDON—*for reviving the ancient system of barter.*

THE local gardeners of Croydon have, in their enthusiasm, grown more vegetables than they can consume, and an enterprising store in the neighbourhood has invited them to bring in their surplus produce, where it is exchanged for coupons—which in their turn can be exchanged for clothes and all sorts of things for which coupons are required. The market produce is then sold to the public.

ANN SOTHERN, who is a "veteran" fisherman, hooked the magnificent 258-lb. marlin swordfish in the waters off Santa Catalina, California, after a fight of only 22 minutes. She manœuvred the great fish alongside the boat, where it was gaffed by "Doc" Vaughn (seen on the left) and Robert Brooks.

ANN SOTHERN, *film-star and fishermai —for her fine catch of a 258-lb. marli swordfish after a blitzkrieg of onl 22 minutes.*

MISS JOAN HUGHES has recently been elected Finchley's "Beauty Queen." She does not let down the standard expected of these English beauties.

MISS MARJORIE WOODWORTH advocates the public distribution of the fish-net rubber stockings she wears. They look delightful, can be worn by legs of any shape or size, and can be stretched to meet all sorts of situations, as you see by the pictures!

*Left:* JOAN HUGHES—*for putting a good face on wartime charm.*

MARJORIE WOODWORTH—*for wearing these lovely leg-pulls.*

# COMEDY NOVELTY AND NEW DÉCOR—THE INTERNATIONAL BALLET.

HAROLD TURNER *as the young scientist of " Planetomania." He devises an apparatus to communicate with the planet Venus, and the goddess* (NINA TARAKANOVA) *appears in his laboratory.*

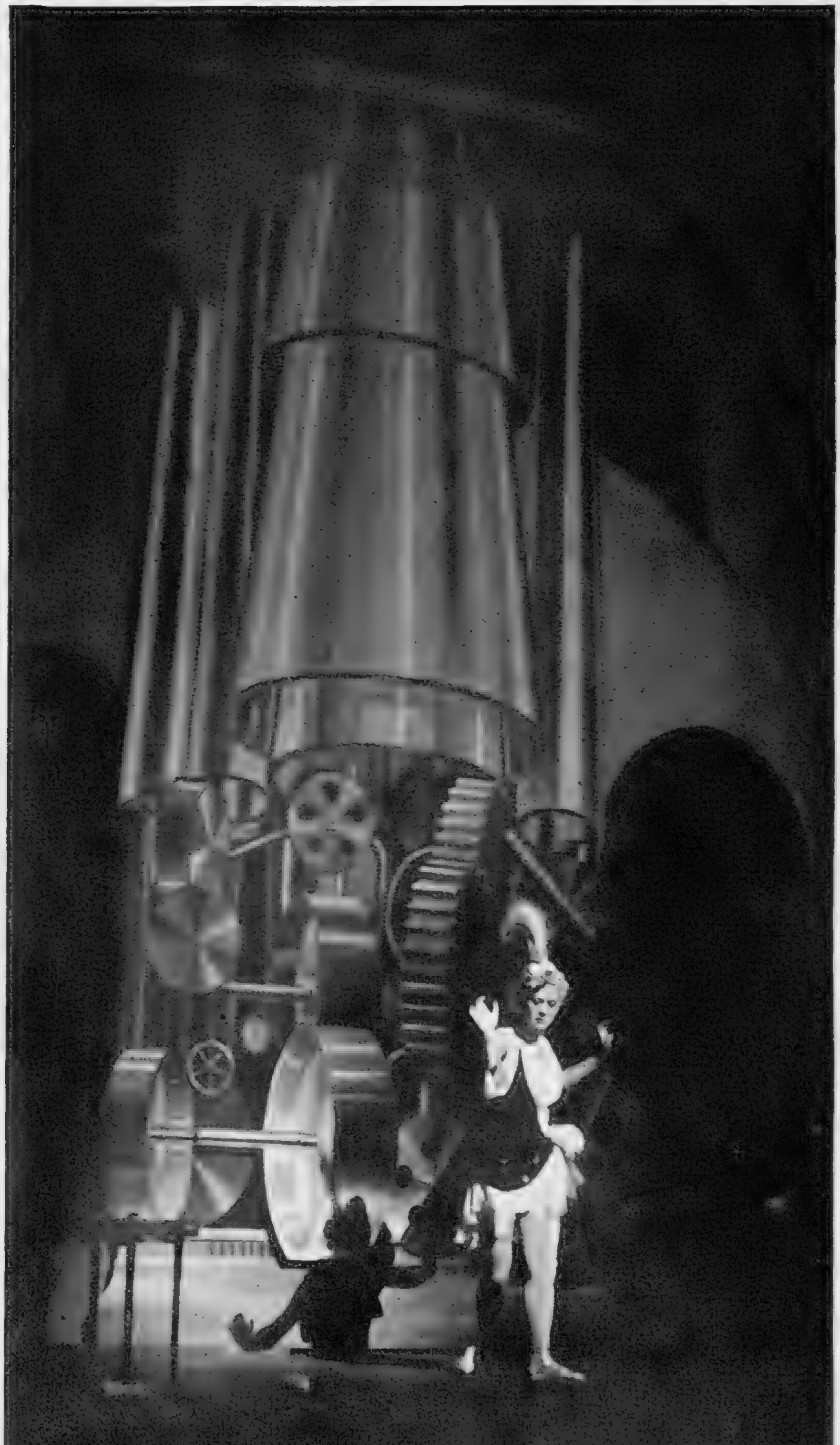
*The* INTERNATIONAL BALLET, *new British ballet organisation, has arranged to open a three-weeks season at the Lyric Theatre on Tuesday, August 26. The programme includes a new ballet, " Planetomania," with choreography by Mona Inglesby, organiser and one of the principal dancers of the company, to music by Norman Demuth. This represents a scene on the planet Venus.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE.

*Left :* ROUI PAVINOFF *and* NINA TARAKANOVA *as Adonis and Venus in " Planetomania," the new comedy ballet with* décor *by Doris Zinkeisen.*

" LAC DES CYGNES," *the well-known ballet to Tchaikovsky music, is in the International Ballet repertoire. This shows the new* décor *designed by William Chappell.*

*Right :* NINA TARAKANOVA *as Venus arriving on earth in the laboratory of the young scientist who has established communication between her planet and the Earth.*



# "THIS MAN REUTER"—AND HIS RED-HOT NEWS SERVICE.

*In 1833, the importance of a news service is impressed on thirteen-year-old Julius Reuter* (DICKIE MOORE) *and Max Wagner* (BILLY DAWSON), *as they see the news courier arrive by coach.*

*Sixteen years later Reuter* (EDWARD G. ROBINSON) *and Max have opened a carrier-pigeon service to fill the gaps between towns in the new electric telegraph. Franz* (ALBERT BASSERMAN) *is on the right.*

*Julius Reuter meets Ida Magnus* (EDNA BEST) *in Aachen, where his pigeon service has saved many lives by carrying a warning that poison has been sent in mistake for medicine for children.*

"THIS MAN REUTER" opens at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on Friday, September 5. It is the story of the development of Reuter's News Service. Young Reuter is early impressed with the importance of red-hot news distribution. He founds a service by pigeon-post to supplement the new electric telegraph; and develops it by two big coups, getting the first verbatim report of Louis Napoleon's speech and announcing the news of Abraham Lincoln's assassination in advance of all other services. The latter is made possible by the clever device of having his bulletins dropped in floating canisters by arriving liners, and wired to London from the West Coast of Ireland.

*Max Wagner* (EDDIE ALBERT) *shows Ida a Reuter's advertisement in verse, when she comes to Brussels. She finds that Max is neglecting the pigeons, so she stays and helps to set everything in order.*

*Reuter succeeds in tying up the London and Paris cables and gets a report of Louis Napoleon's important speech, word for word. He distributes a free copy to every London newspaper.*

*How Reuter's gets the advance news of Abraham Lincoln's assassination. Max* (EDDIE ALBERT ; right) *watching the bulletins dropped in floating canisters from Atlantic liners being pulled out of the sea off the West Coast of Ireland.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROYE.

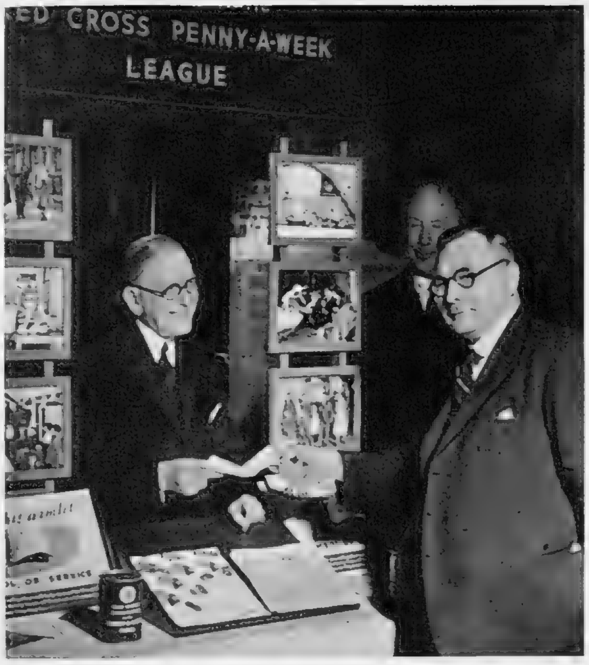
# MARY OF "HATTER'S CASTLE."

DEBORAH KERR, *who made a hit in the screen production of "Love on the Dole," will play the leading rôle of Mary Brodie in the Paramount-British film version of Cronin's best-seller "Hatter's Castle," which has gone into production at Denham studios under the direction of Lancelot Comfort. Miss Kerr, who was born in 1921, studied at a dramatic school run by her aunt, and then joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet in London, but grew too tall for a dancer and returned home, a sadly disappointed girl. In 1939 she tried her luck again, got a part at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, and then entered films. She played Jenny in "Major Barbara," and was next given the lead in "Love on the Dole." Her rôle in "Hatter's Castle" is even more important than this.*

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MR. FORREST REID'S criticism of books is, I suppose, a little old-fashioned; he does not use terms such as "integral" or "organic," and his attitude of mind is relaxed and meditative rather than tense and twanging. This is not because some of the essays collected in "Retrospective Adventures" were written a good many years ago, several in the nineteen-twenties and one or two even earlier. On the contrary, Mr. Forrest Reid's development has been always towards greater simplicity of style and naturalness of manner; and though some of the earlier essays were re-written before they were reprinted, it is not difficult to trace in them a tendency towards ornateness which has since disappeared.




*Chairman of the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund* LORD SOUTHWOOD *received a cheque for 50,000 pennies from* MR. J. H. SHAW, *retiring president of the National Federation of Retail Newsagents. This cheque represented two weeks' contributions by the Federation's 25,000 members—over £200.*

**Problems in Biography.**

We find something of everything in "Retrospective Adventures," poems, short stories, studies and sketches of a miscellaneous character, and appreciations of writers and their books. These last form the bulk of the volume. Some of the authors discussed are classics. "Reflections on a Midsummer Night's Dream" reveals that Mr. Forrest Reid, like Hazlitt, does not care to see Shakespeare's plays played; it also warns us not to "search for dubious undermeanings" in the comedy that "presenteth moonshine." Of "Wuthering Heights" he observes very justly that its beauty "is created by sheer intensity of feeling, by a fire of the creative imagination that sets all ablaze in its own flaming ecstasy. Actually it is a naked book, without ornament." His statement that Emily Brontë very likely "gave little thought to its construction" is open to question; more than one critic has written to show that she gave a great deal. Likewise his verdict that her life was "uneventful, except in a spiritual sense," might not be universally accepted; in the absence of the letters which Charlotte burnt, we cannot tell, for instance, whether such a poem as "Remembrance" may not have sprung out of personal experience. The fact that little more is likely to be known about her does not mean that there is nothing to know. Vulgar though no doubt it is to desire to possess information which a man has deliberately withheld from posterity, we cannot help wishing we had it, and I entirely sympathise with Mr. Forrest Reid's disappointment when he found the Letters of Henry James empty of self-revelation.

> I don't know quite what I expected, but I think I should have known had I found it. I read attentively; I was in the presence; the veil now and then trembled as before a withdrawal; but it was not withdrawn; I know now it never will be.

Equally unsuccessful were his efforts to reconstruct the personality of W. H. Hudson, whose work he much admires, though he cannot forgive him his dislike of dogs. Hudson apparently enjoyed being an enigma even to his friends. He had, Mr. Forrest Reid thinks, a vein of callousness and even his love for animals did not make him a humanitarian; "on the surface Hudson and his books are not a bit like each other," his biographer declared. Mr. Forrest Reid thinks he put the best of himself into his books. There he expressed "the poetry of earth," the "pantheistic sense of communion with the soul in Nature" which "was probably the strongest emotion he ever felt." Another, more famous problem for the psychologist in biography is that of Rimbaud. Why did this talent, by far the most precocious known in the history of literature, fade out completely when the poet was nineteen? Why did an appalling "aridity of spirit descend on him," in addition to the "aridity of heart" that had "always been his"? In Rimbaud's case Mr. Forrest Reid has an explanation to offer, and it is a plausible one.

**Lesser Names.**

A number of the essays, however, are concerned with lesser names and with reputations, great in their day, which have since suffered undeserved eclipse. "A man," he remarks, "considers himself to be only middle-aged at fifty, yet for a book it is far beyond the allotted span." This melancholy dictum occurs in his paper on "Minor Fiction in the Eighteen-Eighties," the most sustained, various and delightful of these retrospective adventures in literature. Olive Schreiner, George Gissing, Rhoda Broughton, W. E. Norris, F. Anstey—who never had a real success after "Vice-Versa"—and Baring Gould, these are the minor novelists whose works Mr. Forrest Reid cleanses of the mustiness of the neglected bookshelf. In restoring to each its appropriate aroma he does not make the mistake of pretending to have rediscovered a forgotten masterpiece; so fine is his critical sense that he can make his points without recourse to superlatives and without, too, feeling that because he bestows unexpected praise on one author he must make an equally unexpected attack on another. A good example of this critical tact is his comparison of Baring Gould's little-known romance, "Mehalah," with "Wuthering Heights"; slight as it is, the comparison makes it clear that the qualities the two books have in common in no way constitute a claim to equal greatness.

> What is the secret [he asks] of the emotional force that strikes through such a book as "Mehalah" and holds us, for it is rarely to be found in modern fiction? Is it that the novelist of to-day cares less for his characters, regards them more in the light of "copy"—cares less for everything?

Whether we say yes or no to this, it is certain that the faculty of "caring" has not decayed in Mr. Forrest Reid; it is as evident, and as welcome, in this enchanting book of criticism as it is in his novels.

**Destiny and Miss Norah Hoult.**

I think Miss Norah Hoult may be said to care too, though with her the kernel of solicitude is buried too deep under a carapace of toughness to be easily discernible. She is one of the writers—there are many of them—who seem to enjoy being extremely cruel in order that in the end they may be a little kind. Perhaps I should qualify that. Miss Hoult's cruelty is the cruelty that Thomas Hardy attributed to Destiny; it is not personal except in so far as a novelist is personally responsible for his own conception of the nature of Destiny. Associating herself with Destiny—as all novelists must, to some degree, however much they may deplore its workings—she has imagined the dreariest of lives for a great many Poor Women and quite a number of Poor Men. "Time, Gentlemen, Time!" she calls to them, at the close of a drab, depressing day—not so drab and depressing, however, that the summons to depart does not somehow tinge it with a darker hue. Yes, Miss Hoult cares, but not so much in the manner of one human being caring for another (which is the kind of caring, I think, that Mr. Forrest Reid refers to) as of an instrument of Destiny who sorrows even while, obeying superior orders, he also chastises.

*One very pleasant outcome of Mr. Churchill's sea meeting with Mr. Roosevelt was the President's gift to each member of the crews of the British ships of a box containing four tins of cigarettes, fruit, and half a pound of cheese. The* BRITISH RATING *receives his box with a grin of pleasure from his* AMERICAN COUNTERPART.

**An Irrepressible Heroine.**

In "Smilin' on the Vine," however, she has taken a rest from pessimism and gone for a change to live among a race who, in spite of their mournful songs, seem to outward appearance, more capable of prolonged cheerfulness than most others. The Negroes in North America have had a hard time but it does not appear to have destroyed their zest for life; certainly not in the case of Miss Hoult's

[Continued overleaf.

# "THE YOUNG MR. PITT" BY ROBERT DONAT.

ROBERT DONAT, *absent from the screen since "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," has one of his longest rôles as* "THE YOUNG MR. PITT," *for Twentieth Century. Here he is as the statesman who was Premier at twenty-four and, with a brief interval, ruled the country for twenty years during the fierce struggle against Napoleon, and through his threat of invasion. The film is being shot in the London of George III., rebuilt at Shepherd's Bush studios. Contemporary moulds used by the Adam brothers for their plaster decoration have been borrowed for the reproduction of Adam designs; the Houses of Parliament will be seen as they were before the fire of 1832, and St. James's Street, Old Bond Street and Downing Street will appear as they were 150 years ago.*

*Continued.*]

heroine. From the first Augusta Hortense Casey is buoyant and irrepressible. The daughter of a coloured minister whose scandalous private life in no way detracted from his pulpit eloquence and genuine religious fervour, she had more than her share of original sin, and rose from her father's floggings ready for a new escapade. These included an assault on Emily Balch, a white-faced girl of offensively superior manner, the drowning of some chickens, and finally a runaway "marriage" with her school-fellow, Dunnow. To compass this last object she obtained money on false pretences from her late benefactor, Mrs. Parkinson—a Yankee lady whose priggishness Miss Hoult emphasises at the expense of her goodness of heart. Augusta read a great deal of romantic literature and lived in a romantic world where "Two-gun" Augusta made things hum. Later, when her aunt took her away from the family circle she lost, rather abruptly, her criminal inclinations and became, as far as it was in her nature to be, a model laundress. A blameless evening's outing with a young man from one of the Best Families (an extremely improbable incident, I thought) diverted her romantic aspirations: henceforth she would not queen it in the Wild West, but in the select social circles of Boston. This ambition seemed less likely to be fulfilled than the other, and there comes a moment when Augusta's fortunes sink very low: but a young man of her own race intervenes, and the sky clears completely—a thing I have never before known to happen in Miss Hoult's novels.

For some reason, perhaps because cheerfulness is foreign to Miss Hoult's temperament, "Smilin' on the Vine" is not a story that ultimately carries conviction. I know little about the relationship between white people and negroes in America, but I feel sure that Miss Hoult's rosy picture must be regarded either as a prophecy or an admonition or an example of wishful thinking. Moreover, in her laudable desire to smooth away racial differences she invests Augusta (in the last part of the story, not the first) with the consciousness of a white woman: we have to keep reminding ourselves that she is not. Apart from this, "Smilin' on the Vine" is worthy of its author, and its cheerfulness is genuine enough even if the central situation does not seem to be.

**Crime in the Tropics.** Few human beings can have found themselves in stranger or more exacting circumstances than did the survivors of a torpedoed steamer marooned in mid-ocean on the wrecked sun-deck café. We have a brief but revealing glimpse of them in normal surroundings and for the rest of the book the floating café and a tropical island are their background. The setting of "Appleby on Ararat" is more interesting than the drama which is played against it; indeed, the introduction of crime is almost a return to the banal. John Appleby emerges triumphant in spite of the dearth of finger-print experts, photographers, toxicologists or Flying Squads: though he had aid of a more picturesque if less practical sort. The sufferings of the party before "the old ark bumped on Ararat" and the exotic atmosphere of the island give a remoteness to the characters. They advance and recede, grow clear and misty by turns, like faces in a film whose focus is constantly changing.

This prevents the incongruities of events from surprising the reader as they might do in a more commonplace framework. Mr. Innes writes with his usual distinction and has built an original and successful story on a somewhat familiar ground-plan.

*In this small drawing of* NO. 1 MESS OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE *are gathered together representatives from almost every branch of the Force. So it covers a wide sphere. All these men are in specialised jobs, brilliantly performed,* bien entendu. (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

**Murder and Motors.** The group of "cabins" round Lone Lake—a holiday encampment not easy to find on the map—seemed a place for endless cocktails, desultory love-making and rather strenuous tennis when Lieutenant Weigand, of the Police, accepting Mr. and Mrs. North's invitation, arrived there one Saturday in September. But alas! Within a few hours two members of the colony had met their deaths, one stabbed by a sickle, the other burnt while lighting her own fire. Who had substituted gasoline for kerosine?—that was the problem that exercised Lieutenant Weigand and a large staff of helpers of whom Mrs. North was the most unconventional but perhaps the most inspired. We see too little of her, and her delightful vagueness and inconsequence; while we get too much, perhaps, of Weigand's time-saving exploits in his Buick. "Murder Out of Turn" is primarily a detective story for motorists; but there is some amusing characterisation, and a stronger love-interest than usual, to show what Frances and Richard Lockridge can achieve in other directions.

**BOOKS REVIEWED.**

Retrospective Adventures. By Forrest Reid. (*Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.*)
Smilin' on the Vine. By Norah Hoult. (*Heinemann; 8s.*)
Appleby on Ararat. By Michael Innes. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
Murder Out of Turn. By Frances and Richard Lockridge. (*Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.*)

*The eighteenth of our* NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

"Both Schweppes, sir"
BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. THE KING
Schweppes
INDIAN QUININE
SCHWEPPES

# CANADIAN PILOT WRITES HOME.

*R.A.F., England.*

My Dear Hank,

Many thanks for your parcel; it sure was grand to get a pull on a "Lucky Strike" again; there's a mysterious shortage of cigarettes over here and no one seems to know why the darn things are never "toasted" anyway, and are not a patch on ours.

Do you remember how cheesed-off [fed up] I used to get with the "Aircraft Identification" lectures I had rammed into my eyes way back home? Well, imagine my horror when I found out that we have an even more intensive course over here. Just how vital it really is to be able to recognise a German 'plane I never fully realised until the other day . . .

*My horror when I found . . . an even more intensive course over here.*

We are having a lecture in the cinema, showing various silhouettes of Jerry bombers. Half-way through it I fell asleep, only to be awakened by the roar of a machine swooping overhead. Five minutes later, the lecture is finished and we are strolling over the tarmac towards one of the hangars. Phantom-like mists are floating low down over the flying field and the visibility is so poor that we cannot even see the wind-sock. Suddenly we see a 'plane swooping towards us, and Hep, another Canuck, turns to me and says: "Gee, aren't some guys crackers? Fancy trying to shoot-up on a day like this; I bet he gets torn off a strip by the Wing-Com." I nod and wonder who the crazy devil can be. By now he is getting quite close and only fifty feet off the deck.

*Half-way through it I fell asleep . . .*

One of the guys suddenly says: "Looks like a 'Blenheim' to me," and we all agree a little dubiously. There sure is something odd about the approaching aircraft. Our doubts are well-founded, too, and we realise what the difference is when the front gunner suddenly opens up and rakes us all with machine-gun fire. Talk about jack-rabbits! You should have seen those guys run. There was a little "Tiger Moth" near by and about twelve of them tried to crowd underneath; why, I don't know—probably some inherent desire to get "under cover."

*Ground defence . . . plasters him good and hard.*

For myself, I went hot for a nearby wagon. (Boy, did my face drain when one of the boys told me afterwards that I had been sheltering beneath a petrol lorry!) Anyhow, as soon as the Jerry begins to open fire, our boys on the ground defence open up and sure plaster him good and hard. Before he has time to drop his bombs, one of our shells catches him in the belly, and all that can be found of the 'plane are the bits that float down like snowflakes. A shakey-do, as they say over here, and something I won't forget in a hurry. Fortunately, we are all O.K.—not a scratch on one of us.

On the same day the weather lifts, and we, my crew and I, take off to do the odd spot of local flying; this just consists of practising turns and straight and level flying (not as easy as it sounds) and, if you happen to be of the more adventurous type, an occasional stall-turn. Remember we're bomber-boys, not fighters.

Well, anyway, we take off and the visibility is grand, but later we run into some real duff weather and curse the Met. [Meteorological] people up and down. Our inter-com. is not of the best and I can't make out what Peter, my gunner, is bawling. He gets pretty het-up and gives it up as a bad job and writes me a message: "Wireless packed in—can't get any joy on it."

Through turning round and diving here and there I'm kinda mixed up as to where I am and my observer can see only clouds, so he's not much use. This business of flying in cloud is great sport, but not as easy as it may appear. You just have to sit glued to your instruments and throw all your instincts into the slip-stream. If you don't you will suddenly find yourself flying in a circle, on your side, or hurtling down in a screaming dive.

Anyhow, after half an hour of stooging around we finally find a large, hospitable-looking 'drome, half-veiled in mist. My observer reports that the flying field is littered with "Tiger Moths," so we conclude that we are about to land at an Elementary Flying School.

"You'll have to make a decent landing for a change, old boy," he says.

"Sure thing," I reply, "a real Op' landing—then we can fool the pupils down there that we've just come off a raid over Germany."

Well, Hank, we make a jimdandy of an approach: height just so, speed just so, and angle of glide correct to a degree. When we are about fifty feet off the deck, we suddenly see three little "Tigers" waddling over the field—right in our path.

Up springs the Canadian initiative! Don't fly round again, lob over them! I pull the old stick back and up we go, but down goes the airspeed and down goes the 'plane—Swoosh—Bang! We bounce three times—a cross between a golf-ball and a grasshopper.

Later on we go for a drink in the Pupils' Mess; there's a batch of fledgling flyers in there.

"Just landed?" asks one of them politely.

"Yep," is our very non-committal reply.

"What kite?"

"Oh, er—a 'Blenheim.'" We drink hurriedly, but not quick enough.

"Did you just—er, *land* about ten minutes ago?"

"We did."

"I saw you."

"Oh!"

We "heel-tap" our drinks and slink out—our Wings between our legs.

"Operational landing, my foot!" says Peter.

"So we've been on a raid over Germany, eh?" scoffs my observer. Mutiny in the crew! The sound of laughter floating through the open windows doesn't exactly ease the situation. . . .

I send the two of them along to the 'plane while I go and sign out at the Duty Pilots' hut. When I arrive back at the old kite I find my observer lying flat upon his back on the ground, while Peter, with meticulous care, folds the former's arms across his breast.

"For the love of Mike," I say, "what's the matter with that stooge?"

Peter looks up slowly with his finger on his lips.

"Sssh," he admonishes me, "I'm preparing him for death."

"You're what?" I ask, bewildered.

"Preparing him for death!" he repeats. "We're following our old Boy Scout motto—'Be Prepared.' After all, we're flying with you, you know. . . ."

A well-directed kick sends him sprawling across the recumbent form of my observer. . . . Holy snakes! If my take-off hadn't been a swell one I don't think that I'd have ever lived that day's flying down; but it was, and I have.

Let's be hearing from you soon. I am off for a few days' leave and will write you when I return.

All the best, Hank,

Brick Chalmers.

*My observer lying flat upon his back.*

# . . . . — mine was a full-blooded effort

We can't all go up ourselves and knock Germany out of the sky, but we can all claim a share in the R.A.F.'s knock-out blows.

We shall all be proud to tell our children of the part *we* played—if we put our backs into fighting the war. Kill the fires, guard the countryside, bring food out of the soil, speed the factories—yes. But one more thing. DON'T SPEND A SHILLING YOU CAN SAVE.

Save all you can and put it into the war against Hitlerism. Bluntly—if you aren't doing this (whatever else you do) you aren't doing your bit.

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***Aldershot & Basingstoke***

# I'M IN A JAM.*

By G. H. C. ASKEW.

I'M in a jam—a proper jam, and these days make one feel kind of sick. How was I to guess this could have happened? It looked a straight enough job—one of those I've made my name at. Oh, they know me all right, the C.I.D. They look at a job and say to themselves, "That's Smiler's trade mark, that is." And what's my trade mark always been? Why, never the blinking smell of a clue.

I spot 'em loafing about my street, have a pint of the best at the old Nag's Head, with them smacking their lips at my elbow. And I give a friendly grin, and they know that I know all they know, and that's as far as it's ever got till——

Well, I'm not grinning now, and that's a fact. Just by chance it was I heard of Mrs. Roper's jewels. The very thing for me, they sounded—good, but not too good; and then Thirlmere Road, quiet and dark, that is, with the houses far apart; I knew the district. So off I go to give it the once over, and the once over was quite enough; if ever a place was made for me that was, and I can tell you it wasn't long before I had all its ins and outs right here in my head.

Nice little family, too—just madam and two maids. Money for jam, you'd say. Well, so did I—hell take it!

I've never been one for wasting time and it didn't take me long to learn all the needful. She had a husband, but not much in evidence, he wasn't; didn't hang his hat there now. So, says I, to-night's a dark night and there hasn't been no rain, what about it? And answers myself, it's a cinch. So when the time's right, back I go to Thirlmere Road.

Well, you can bet it weren't no trouble to me to get where I wanted. Sleeping pretty she was, and that's a thing I do know. Put me in a bedroom—any bedroom you like—and I'll tell you straight if the owner will sleep through the "Last Trump" or start up if I drops a pin.

There she was, set for the night, and a treat she looked, too. I've seen them that's the cat's pyjamas by day look like something the same cat's brought in when I've made my call. But not her; one of them real lovelies she was, and appealing, too, with her hair messing up the pillow; but that don't interfere with me, not now it don't. I just takes one look and out of my mind she goes. I walks up to her dressing-table; fair littered it was with scent and suchlike, but she's not one of them careless ones; there weren't nothing for me there. I has to do a little quick searching, but it don't take me a minute before I sees it; one of them small burglar-proof safes, and I has to smile—burglar-proof my foot—though it might worry an amateur, I'm not saying it mightn't do that.

Anyway, down I goes on my knees and sets to work; it needs a quick ear, that's what it needs most; you've got to catch the right clicks, if you understand me.

There was I listening hard as I turned the knobs, and what do I hear? Not clicks—no—but footsteps.

Now, I'll admit it honestly, I did a thing I've never done before. I took a needless risk: I stayed where I was; not many, mark you, would call a risk what I calls a risk; I'm away out of the door or window at the first sigh like; I don't want no argument or force on either side. Better, I always says, to leave safely, even if my pockets are still empty. But this time I broke me own rule—and look at me. Not that I didn't have an excuse. I knew no one had heard me, because I hadn't made no sound to hear; and, I said to myself, it must be one of the maids a-going to the "usual offices."

So I just stayed waiting for the steps to pass the door. But when they stopped outside it I had to think, and think quick; there weren't no real time to get out of the window—safely, that is. I didn't want to be caught there, half-in, half-out, with a forty-foot tumble below me; can't trust everyone not to lose their heads if they see a poor bloke in a position like that, and I don't want no broken necks in my family. Oh, hell, why did I bring that up; makes one think of things, that does, that are better not thought of.

I spots some curtains (hiding a kind of alcove, they were), and as the door opens I just has time to get behind them. Tight fix it was too, what with suit-cases and hat-boxes, and I hopes to myself the visitor hasn't come for a long stay.

Well, up go the lights and I peer through the edge of the curtains and see a bloke standing there; dressed up proper he was—white tie and all, gloves on, too. Now that's a funny thing, I thinks; what's he want to be wearing them for now? He ain't earning his daily bread like me.

Not more'n a second he stood there, then stepped across to the bed. I could just follow him through my chink. He bent over the girl and shook her hard, and it must have been worse for her than the "Last Trump," because she woke up sudden and proper.

"What are you doing here?" says she; and he lets fly. Well, I've heard some nasty things in my time, but he beat the band; the things he said to that girl and her looking so innocent. I don't hold with all this sexy stuff them professors write of, but I heard enough to write a book myself that night. He never gave her no chance to speak. She just sat up in bed and looked at him; and, frightened, too, she was; I could see that.

Well, then he backs away and does a thing I don't like at all—he pulls out a gun. Now I hate guns; they goes off sometimes, and then there's a fair mess and muddle to deal with, and I got a sudden feeling that this one *was* going off.

The girl—she jumps out of bed then and says something that I don't quite hear, but he only laughs and there's something in his laugh, and I knows it's going to happen.

I'm no blinking hero, but I couldn't just stand there and watch murder done before my very eyes, and I thinks in a flash to myself, he can't do it if he knows I'm here watching. Somehow I never thought he might make a proper job of it and bump me too.

So out I came from behind my curtains and said something like the words that song has, "You can't do that there 'ere." And he simply looked at me, then turned to her and said: "So I'm not your first visitor to-night." Then he looked at me again. "Your taste has fallen somewhat," he said, sarcastic like. And he laughed again—real evil it was, too.

"So I shan't shoot this pretty lady because a little man like you says I mustn't." Them's nearly the words he used.

I tried to figure out how I could get at him, but the bloke with a gun's got the whip hand; you can't get away from that, not unless one's a Bulldog Drummond, and they're not two a penny. I watched his eyes and he watched me watching, and quickly swung the gun at me, and I stepped back; you can't blame a bloke for doing that. Then he turned like a flash on her; he'd got a silencer, I reckon, because I heard so little noise, but as she fell I saw her face and it weren't lovely no more.

I felt my stomack falling through the seat of my trousers. "O Lord! let me out of here," I screamed. I was a coward then all right.

"Not so fast." His voice sounded quite ordinary—that was horrible, that was. "I presume it was actually the ladies' jewels you called for?" I couldn't do no more than nod my head. "Ah, well," says he. "What a useful little man you are. Get on with your work; I shan't trouble you." He waves me back to the safe, and I feels his gun a-pointing at me as I cross the room.

"Take them off first," he says. And I know he means my gloves. He's not the kind one argues with, so I offs with them and gets to work.

I must have been fair shaken, for it takes me minutes to get that door open, and when I did, there they were, all lying neat as you like in boxes. "Take those—and those," I hears his voice behind me; as if I didn't know my own job, not that I wanted to take anything, not by then.

"Put them in your pocket," he says, "and stand up."

When I stood up, facing him, he looks me up and down and smiles to himself. "Go and put your fingers in that pool," he snaps out. At first I didn't understand what he means, but he nods his head towards the girl. "That pool there—by her face." And then I knows.

It was still warm, but I had to do it.

"You used the window as the front door, I suppose." He just turned his eyes and looked towards it, but his gun, that remained steady.

"Yes," said I.

"Then out you go that way," says he.

I walks to the window and he stood listening; all was still outside—not the sound of a footstep nor nothing.

What else could I do? I clambered out and held on to the sill while my feet reached for the ledge below.

And then, while I was helpless like that, up he comes and pushes my head back with his hands until I has to let go.

I woke up in this 'ere prison hospital. He'd put the gun in my pocket; thought I was a deader, like as not. But 'ere I am—and that's the truth I've told you—God's truth it is.

But I can't describe him, not fit to please a jury; funny that, ain't it, but he'd got nothing that you could take a hold of, if you gets my meaning.

That's my defence; there's one thing, though, he never knew—me trade mark. Never leave a clue behind me; you *can* make a good case for me out of that, can't you, Mr. Carstairs?

THE END

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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# CITY NOTES.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"PARTRIDGES? Not partridges: paratroops, if you like —— "

"But you 've got to keep fit," The City Editor protested. "And there 's the food front to be considered. The partridges will give you a certain amount of exercise, besides helping out the ration cards."

"Life is becoming more simple and more complicated at the same time," The Merchant moralised. "But there seems to be a quiet optimism about the war: I don't know how you find it —— "

"In the Stock Exchange," The Jobber stated, "the feeling is more cheerful than it has been since the balloon went up two years ago."

"There has always been plenty of confidence," The Broker observed.

"True enough. Nobody has ever doubted what the end will be. What I say is that you can't help noticing a greater cheerfulness trotting along side by side with the confidence."

The City Editor agreed with this. "And," he added, "you can see for yourself that the public feel more satisfied about the position."

"How can you tell? The papers are nothing to go by, and Parliament, as a guide, isn't much better."

"You can tell," The City Editor maintained, "by the way your Stock Exchange prices keep up. That 's a very good indicator of the trend of public opinion."

"I suppose you 're right," The Broker admitted. "Of course it is the Government's money policy that has made gilt-edged prices so good." "The actual return on one's money doesn't seem greatly to matter," he went on. "Here you have people buying shares such as Associated Portland Cement, London Brick, Courtaulds—just to name three things that give a low yield."

"Ah, but look at the scope there is for them after the war!"

"We know that. People wouldn't be so ready to buy the shares as they are to-day unless they felt pretty cheerful about the end of the war."

"How long will the war last?"

"Sorry, but I don't happen to know. What I do know is the need for putting up more money to pay for it. Expensive game, war, isn't it?"

"The Peace will be worth the present expense. One result is sure to be a Stock Exchange boom."

"I 'm not so sure of that," The Engineer queried. "Won't there be a fall in iron, coal and steel shares? And in armaments as well?"

"I dare say there will," The Broker replied. "Mind you, I think it will be wrong to sell them; the companies can't help doing well for years after the war is over —— "

"People won't think of that."

"No? Maybe not. The iron and steel market is fairly good nowadays, all the same. It gets an occasional wipe in the eye from a disappointing dividend, but the market as a whole always comes up smiling."

"I see that aircrafts are moving up at last," said The Merchant. "They 've taken their time to get going, haven't they?"

"It is the same with motor shares. They 've been sticky, goodness knows, for long enough, but the market looks better to me."

"You can buy Morris Motors and Standards without much risk of hurting yourself," The Engineer assumed. "Rolls Royce? Well, if you 're content with five per cent. on your money, Rolls are as good as anything you can find."

"General Electric Ordinary pay rather less than four-and-a-half on the money, yet people insist upon buying them."

"Amazing, isn't it! It 's all on after-war prospects, I suppose."

"Nothing else. What the public won't touch, because of after the war prospects, are rubber shares."

"The rubber market will have its turn in the same way that everything does in the Stock Exchange," The Jobber declared. "You only have to exercise sufficient patience, and you 'll come home sooner or later."

"Haven't we heard the same theory from you before?" enquired The City Editor.

"Many times," was the prompt reply. "And now you have a fresh proof of it in the way that Argentine Railway stocks have gone up."

"That 's rather astonishing, too," The Engineer considered. "It just shows how people absolutely insist upon gambling in stocks and shares. I thought that Argentine Railway stocks were finished, so to speak; until the end of this war anyway. And now they have bobbed up as serenely as ever."

"You can't buy the things, either. That 's the trouble," said The Broker. "I have half a score of buying orders and I can't get a penn'orth of stock in one single case."

"West African gold shares are amongst the things that have lately come to life."

"They 're worth the money ——," and The Merchant spoke as though aggrieved. "Ashanti is the finest mine in the world."

"That 's as may be," The Jobber retorted. "When you compare Ashanti with some of the South African dividend payers —— "

"Why don't West African tin shares go better?"

"Tin shares aren't too popular," The Broker replied, "because of the control. You can't tell what is going to happen to tin, the metal, under the present scheme. That 's why you get big yields from some of the West African tin shares."

"I suppose you would say that West African tins will come to life sooner or later."

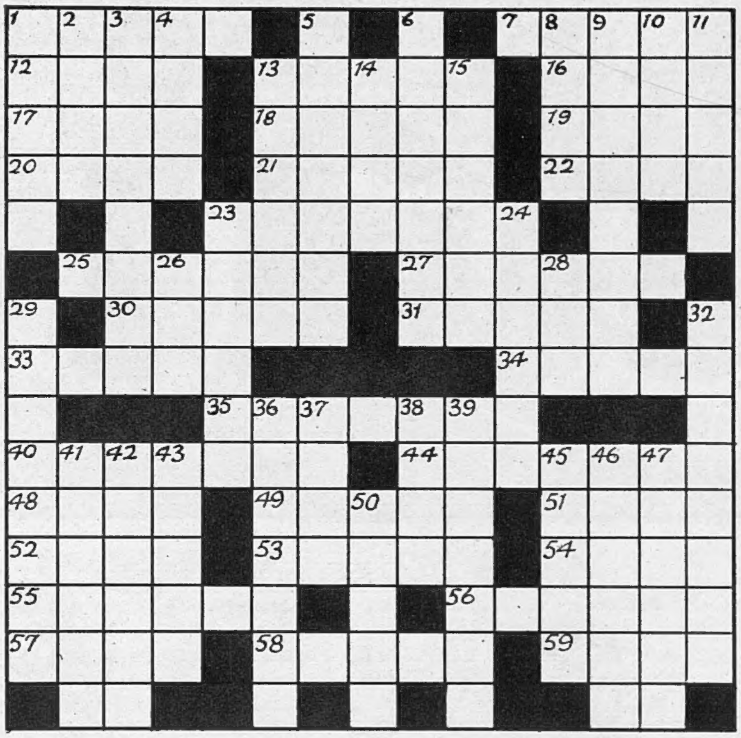
"Well," said The City Editor, "I hope West African tin shares won't have to wait as many days as I waited minutes yesterday for —— "

"Cigarettes? oranges? chocolate?"

"Yes, that 's right," he nodded: "a Box of Matches!"

*Friday, August 22, 1941.*

## "THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Stone held in leash (5).
7. Old ones bought new ones (5).
12. Tapering figure (4).
13. This fellow 's a fighter (5).
16. He turns to drink when upset (4).
17. Speed (4).
18. Some favour this whisky (5).
19. Slaughter (4).
20. Fascism turns on it (4).
21. Isle of terriers (5).
22. Noble and possibly real (4).
23. No scent! (anag.) (7).
25. Such a piece is dated (6).
27. The mixture not as before (6).
30. These take many these (5).
31. Sounds like 11 and helps hikers (5).
33. Come in or go in (5).
34. You could steer by this (5).
35. Red clue (anag.) (7).
40. Found in kitchens and green-rooms (7).
41. How a coach stops a boat (two words; 4, 3).
48. Bombast in her anteroom (4).
49. Contests (5).
51. Homage to valour includes it (4).
52. In no great man does this occur (4).
53. In part of a ship (5).
54. Item of French uniform (4).
55. I 'm in a frame-up (6).
56. Emphatic very (two words; 4, 2).
57. Drink or dismissal (4).
58. Keen (5).
59. Might make river or railway (4).

DOWN.

1. Buzz off! (5).
2. Practical joke (4).
3. Right in politics? (two words; 4, 4).
4. The last of the bottle (4).
5. Rope parts (7).
6. Collects (7).
8. Part of church (4).
9. Burrowers round a donkey produce treacle (8).
10. Fruit (4).
11. Sounds like 31 and helps writers (5).
13. Hot wind in Arabia (6).
14. Painters paint in these (4).
15. A tenth part of Kent (6).
23. Cloud (6).
24. Three equal parts (6).
26. Animal or part of fish (3).
28. Drink from river (3).
29. Evening moisteners (8).
32. Useful for studs (8).
36. Richer by another's will (7).
37. Oarsman's bogey (4).
38. Sailors hate it; miners like it (4).
39. Oriental (7).
41. Overcoat (6).
42. Bequest may this 36 (6).
43. Vegetarians avoid it (5).
45. Country bumpkin (5).
46. Girl's name containing French month (6).
47. Slips (6).
50. Animal disease (5).

*(N.B.—No clues are given to two-letter spaces.)*

### SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, AUGUST 13.

ACROSS.—1. Blue-blooded. 9. Run. 11. A night out. 12. Aisle. 13. Sheep. 14. Mill owner. 16. Anodyne. 20. Nunnery. 22. Angel. 23. Precept. 25. Strayed. 27. Ambergris. 29. Satin. 32. Stair. 33. About turn. 35. Tar. 36. Demolitions.

DOWN.—1. Bride. 2. Lug. 3. Unhappy. 4. Bloom. 5. Oft. 6. Dragoon. 7. Dysentery. 8. Mass. 10. Betrayed. 15. Lines. 16. Appraise. 17. Overboard. 18. Nap. 19. Enter. 21. Ult. 24. Eardrum. 26. Risotto. 28. Scott. 30. Tours. 31. None. 33. All. 34. Tan.

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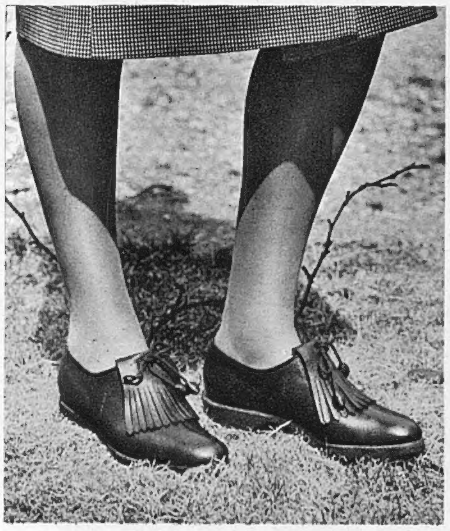
## WOMEN IN WARTIME.

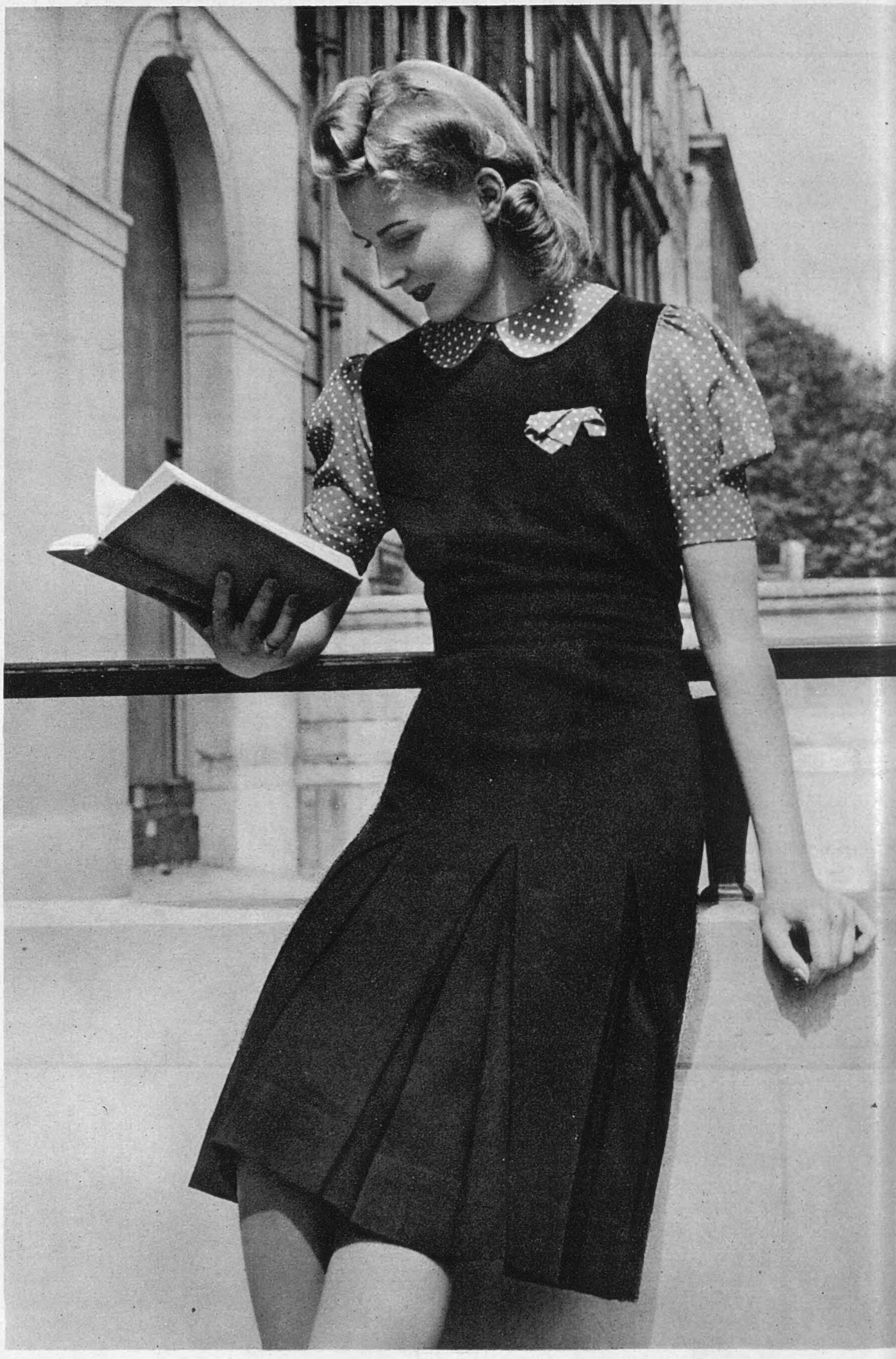
# RETURN OF THE PINAFORE FROCK. ASSURED FUTURE FOR UTILITY SHOES.

EVERY day the vogue for Utility Shoes becomes more pronounced, as they ensure comfort in action. Pictured above is a "Selby." It is light, flexible and strong, is of British workmanship and of the best materials. This particular model is of punched black suède with low heel.

IT is a Styl-eez shoe which is seen above carried out in suède. There is a leather heel, the flap being trimmed with thonging. Among its features are the flare-fit innersole, the instep support and the metatarsal maintainer. It must be mentioned that by looking at the shoe it is not realised that it has so many reinforcements.



ABOVE is another Styl-eez shoe. It has a crêpe rubber sole with slightly raised heel, the tongue being fringed. High heels are now regarded with little favour as they throw the weight forward, placing an unnatural burden across the ball of the foot and the metatarsal arch. Thus crowded out of place, delicate nerves are irritated. It embodies the essential requirements of these hectic days. They are sold by stores and shoe shops. The head office (wholesale only), 17, Old Bond Street, would send the name and address of the nearest agent.



"CRESTA" frocks have passed the censorship of women who understand the art of dressing well and at the same time get the best value for their money; their dresses represent perfect simplicity. The pinafore frock above is destined for hours of relaxation. The skirt is pleated, there is a wide opening for the arms to be passed through, revealing short sleeves and a neat turn-over collar. Another model is carried out in a light wool gaily checked fabric. It is simply tailored, while the skirt has a decidedly slimming effect. Wool jersey is used for other dresses. Wide pleats appear on the suit and there is a flattering cowl neck.